the
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the
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UPSIDE DOWN.
BY AQUAMARINESUN

The Good, the Bad, and the Upside Down by aquamarinesun

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Summary: 1984. New friends, new dangers, new adventures, and a new evil. Hawkins Laboratory is up and running again, and nothing good is coming from it. And, of course, someone goes missing, and the cycle starts up again. Can the kids stop things before they get started? Or will they lose someone again?

1. Prologue

October 15th, 1984

Hawkins, Indiana.

It's been a little under a year since they last saw Eleven.

It's been hard, but the days eventually moved faster and faster. Christmas and the Snow Ball passed, 7th grade passed, the summer of 1983 passed, and 8th grade begun. It felt like just yesterday, they had last seen Eleven transfer herself to some other dimension, or kill herself to save them, or some other theory that Mike had come up with to cope with losing her. They had only known each other for a few days, but formed a bond that could not be broken. But where could she have gone? The upside down? The afterlife? Another part of the world? The lab? Nobody knew. Lucas and Dustin stopped wondering as much by now, but Mike became obsessed.

Where could she have *gone*?

What she possibly never left?

2. Chapter 1: See You Again

October 15th, 1984.

Hawkins, Indiana.

"Dr. Owens?"

"Yes, Descotaeux?"

"Project 011. What are the limits of her powers?"

There was a sound of chuckling.

"Limits? For this project, I don't think they exist. Don't be stupid."

"Whatever you say, boss."

"Mike! It's time for school!"

The sound of my mother's voice woke me from my dream. Another dream about El, what's new? I stumbled out of bed, languidly pulling off my pajamas and pulling on my new school clothes. I had gotten new clothes recently, seeing as the growth spurt side of puberty finally smacked me and I shot up five or six inches. I towered over Dustin, who only grew a bit since last year. Lucas was easily two or so inches above me, and Will hadn't grew a bit. Max, a friend was had made over the summer, was about Dustin's height. I pulled on my shoes and quickly ran a comb through my hair. I ran downstairs, grabbing an Eggo and running out of the front door, bidding farewell to my mom, Holly on her hip. I hopped on my bike and pedaled to Hawkins Middle School, finishing my waffle. I only ate them because they reminded me of her. I don't know why I even think about her this much still. Dustin and Lucas almost forgot about her by now, but I still have passing thoughts about her daily. It's not like I like her or anything, I just feel emotionally bonded to her. We went through a lot together. And yeah, she was pretty, but it's not a crime to think a girl is pretty. The thoughts have been getting worse lately. It's

beginning to take over. I'm not obsessed or anything.

WHAM

Lost in thought, I hit a big rock, crashing my bike in front of the school and flying over the handles. A lot of kids whipped around, stifling their giggles. I shot up, gathering myself, and dusting myself off. Luckily, Dustin, Will, Max, and Lucas spotted me and ran over.

"Dude, you good? Because that was hilarious." Dustin said, in between laughs. Lucas and Will helped me up.

"I'm fine, thanks." I sighed, picking my bike up and wheeling it to the racks. The first bell rang, and we all headed to our classes.

"Something's bothering Mike today, I'm getting a weird vibe." Will whispered to Max.

Max adjusted her ponytail, sighing, and replied with a simple, "Well, when is something *not* bothering him lately?"

"I dunno, I'm just worried about him." Will admitted, shaking off the thought that something bad was coming.

On the way home from school, something hit me. It was like a god damn truck. I had to go to the Lab. She was there, and I knew it. But we needed a way in.

"Guys, I think I know where Eleven is-"

"Oh, not this bullshit again..." Lucas yelled, trailing off.

"C'mon, Mike, she's dead. We *literally* watched her die." Dustin added.

"Dustin, you're wrong, I have a weird feeling about this. She's in the lab. Y'know, **the** lab."

"If you can find a way in, we can investigate. See you guys tomorrow." Max said, pedaling harder, and turning into her driveway. We all waved goodbye, and made our ways home. I can't stop thinking about it. I got home, half-assedly doing my homework

and getting lost in thought. Hawkins National Laboratory. Just the name of that place left a bitter taste in my mouth. She's there, and I know it. I'm finding a way in there, with or without their help.

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a/n Thank you for reading this :) I added names for a scientist, and it isn't canon (other than Owens apparently) so yeah :p

3. Chapter 2: Walkie-Talkies

October 16th, 1984

Hawkins, Indiana

It was 5:34 on a cold Tuesday evening. I paced around the basement, planning ways to break in in my head. This is stupid, it's a government facility, and I'm an unarmed, 120 pound thirteen year old boy. That hasn't really stopped me before, to be fair. How could I find her? Wait... there's only one person who has experienced basically the same thing she went through, with the upside down. I walked upstairs, picking up the chunky phone and dialing the number for the Byers residence.

"Hello?" Mrs. Byers said, a dog barking in the background.

"Hi Mrs. Byers, this is Mike, can you send Will over for a bit? It's important."

"Sure thing, I'll tell him to go now. Jonathan will drive him over!"

"Thank you." I hung up, walking back into the basement. I sat down on the couch, avoiding looking in the direction of the fort I kept up. I don't know why I kept it up. It hurt too much to take down. It was like I accepted that she was gone, if I took it down. Soon enough, Will ran down the stairs, giving me a confused look.

"Why did you call me? And why just me?" he said, confusion coating his words.

"Because Dustin and Lucas don't think there's hope for Eleven, Max doesn't really even know who Eleven is, and you're the only one who takes me seriously with this stuff."

"Oh. Well, what do you need?"

"Okay, while you were gone, we tried to contact you with the walkie-talkies. It only really worked when El tried it. Well... I was thinking, you were in the same place she was, so you might have a connection

to her." I explained, as he looked at me with a perplexed expression. He nodded, trying to comprehend my slight madness.

"So... do you think you can try to contact her over the walkie-talkie?"

"Mike... I don't know, it probably won't work." Will sighed, scratching his head.

"Please."

"I'll try, but don't get your hopes up, dude."

I handed Will the walkie-talkie, with my fingers crossed behind my back.

Will pressed the button, "Eleven? Hello? El-", but static cut him off, and the lights went out. We sat in the darkness for a few minutes. I released the tension from my shoulders, loosening my grip on the blanket I didn't even realize I was grasping.

And then, a voice followed.

"Mike?" a soft, feminine voice croaked, in obvious pain. My heart dropped. It was her. That was her fucking voice. I grabbed the walkie-talkie from Will's hands, holding down the button and holding my breath.

"El? It's me, Mike. Eleven? Where are you?" I yelled into the device, clutching it like my life depended on it. More static ensued. She definitely had a connection to Will.

"Lab. Bad men..."

"We'll get you El, I promise. We'll get you tonight." I was shaking, and Will was obviously shocked.

"Promis-" It cut off and sparked before she could finish her sentence.

"I'm calling the others. We need to do this **tonight**."

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a/n GUYSSSS ITS HAPPENING K THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE

SOOO LONG AND SAPPY AND MILEVEN AND IM GONNA CRY BYEE

4. Chapter 3: Lost and Found

Dustin, Max, Will, Lucas, and I headed to Hawkins National Lab, with me leading the pack. The original gang all rode on bikes, with Max following behind on her skateboard, which was surprisingly fast. I pedaled so fast I thought my legs would break off. This could be it. I don't know why I was so excited, or why I started to feel a little nervous. In fact, my stomach was doing somersaults. I was just so excited to see her again. It had been almost a year since I had seen her and I've waited every day for an opportunity like this. She occupied my thoughts during Dungeons and Dragons, to Mr. Clarke's science class, to sitting on the roof at three in the morning staring at the stars, wondering if she could see the same ones wherever she was. She sacrificed herself for us and we couldn't even save her. *I* couldn't even save her. We made it to the fence guarding the ominous building, and we began to search for openings, or parts of the fence without barbed wire so we could scale it.

After around five minutes or searching, Dustin bellowed a loud "Guys! I found an opening!", and we all ran to him and began to crawl through the hole. Luckily, we all made it in.

"Alright, Lucas will keep watch at the fence, Dustin will search East, Will will search West, Max will search North, and I'll search South. Got it?"

"Easy, Sargent." Max commented sarcastically. Dustin and Lucas chuckled, like they do at all of her jokes. It wasn't even that funny, they just like her. I feel like I'm the only one who isn't going crazy sometimes. Will is still heavily focused on the Upside Down, and I honestly can't blame him after everything that happened. Max isn't really going crazy, aside from her strange obsession with her skateboard.

"Alright, alright, let's get this stupid searching ordeal over with already. My mom wants me back home before 9 o'clock, and you know how she can be." Lucas said, leaning on the fence and flicking his flashlight on.

I sighed, "Okay, we meet back here at 8."

We all headed into opposite directions, turning on our flashlights. The sounds of leaves crunching and heavy breathing was all to be heard on a quiet October evening like this one. They stopped putting so much security after what had happened, because our families stopped searching for her before Christmas that year. They didn't forget about her, or sweep her memories under the rug. They had just not been as affected as I was, I guess. It was easy for most of them to just continue living. Dustin still cared, he had just lost interest in searching constantly, as he'd rather be playing DnD. Lucas, Nancy, Jonathan, and the rest lost interest too, becoming occupied with life. I, on the other hand, became preoccupied with El.

I shined the flashlight everywhere, searching and searching for even a hint of the quiet girl. Nothing. Seconds turned into minutes, and soon enough I was deep into the facility. Trees were everywhere, and I felt lost. Soon, I stumbled upon a box. The box was wooden, and there was an empty Eggo box in it. I moved my flashlight around a little more, scanning the area. It was no use. I turned my flashlight off, checking my watch. 7:49pm. I sat down, picking up the Eggo box. The expiration date read November 26th, 1985. The box was still new looking. This had to be hers. I heard leaves crunching in my direction. Holy **shit**. Was this her? I sat there, holding the box, afraid to look. I was so nervous, I don't know why. Finally, the footsteps stopped. There was a flashlight pointing at the back of my head. I shot to my feet, whipping around, to see a tall man in a lab coat with a gun. I tried to make a run for it, but he grabbed me, and put a rag over my mouth. The world went dark.

I woke up in a small padded room on a bed. It was fuggy, and humid.

"Hello? Anyone here?" I yelled. No response. I noticed the room was solid white, other than what I assume to be a one way window and a silver door with a slot in it, like in prison for meals. Oh God, where am I? This is the lab, isn't it? I got myself into deep shit this time. Will they start testing on me? This is bad.

"Anyone? Hello?" I yelled, louder this time, my voice cracking. The door opened, revealing a tall man. The man who kidnapped me was behind him, a bit shorter. The tall man wore a white lab coat with black scrubs and black shoes on. He had glasses, and was bald. He

held a clipboard in his hand, the other holding a pen. The other man was dressed identically, but he had short brown hair and no glasses.

"Hello, Michael." The taller one said, pushing his glasses up.

"How do you know my na-"

"We know a lot about you. We know you're searching for a certain friend of yours. She knows it too. She can feel it. You see, she's connected to your little friend, Will, is it? Well, she's connected to him. She can communicate with him, and she's even a little connected to you."

"Eleven? How is she connected to me?"

"We don't know that yet. We were going to get the Byers boy, but it would be too much commotion if we get involved with him again. We're going to be using you instead."

"Using me? What? This is just a joke right? And how did you get Eleven, she disappeared?"

The younger, shorter one cackled, saying "Far from it, buddy. And we can't explain that to you, it's classified. We will be sending in project Eleven in a bit to see exactly how you two are connected. We'll let you go after we find out. But, tell anyone and you can say goodbye to your family and anyone who knows about this. Got it?"

"Um..." I couldn't even muster up a response. What the actual hell was going on anymore? This sort of stuff wasn't supposed to happen anymore, especially not with freaky scientists testing on preteens.

"I'm Doctor Owens. This is my assistant, Descotaeux. You'll treat us with respect while you're here, or you'll suffer consequences." The taller one explained, motioning to the shorter man. I nodded in response. They left, slamming the door and locking it.

Hours passed. I checked my watch every so often. It's 3 in the morning right now, and I'm not even tired. They dimmed the lights probably hoping I'd sleep soon. My mom is going to be so scared, and shit, my friends are probably panicking so bad right now. The lights went completely out, and I couldn't see a thing. They turned off the

heat or whatever, but it's now wicked cold. I stared at the ceiling, my eyes soon adjusting, lost in thought. This bed is terrible. It's stiff, and hard, and super gross. The pillow is flat, and the single sheet they gave me is thin and almost hard. The door opened, letting in a bit of light. A small figure stumbled in, and the door slammed hard behind them. I sat up, trying to focus on them. A skinny girl, standing maybe five feet, in a crisp hospital gown stood in front of me. She had dark brown hair in a pixie cut, and hazel eyes, from what I could see.

"Mike?"

My voice seemed to get stuck in my throat, but I managed to croak out a small "...El?"

She smiled, replying "Mike."

I shot up, almost tackling her into a hug. I was shaking, I couldn't believe it. She's here, I found her. She threw her arms around me, burying her face into my neck. I held her for probably a few minutes straight. I finally let go, wiping away... tears? Wow, I didn't even realize I started crying. I felt so overwhelmed. My chest felt like it was going to burst, and I felt whole. My entire body was tingly, and for that moment there, it felt like we were the only people in the entire world.

"I missed you, El." I whispered

"Missed?" she asked, looking like a confused puppy.

"Oh. Missing someone is like... feeling sad because they aren't here anymore." I explained.

She nodded. "I missed you, Mike." I felt my face growing hot. I can't believe it. I found her. I'm was in a state of shock. But now I have to find a way out of this hell hole, and I swear to God, I'm not letting her disappear again.